



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

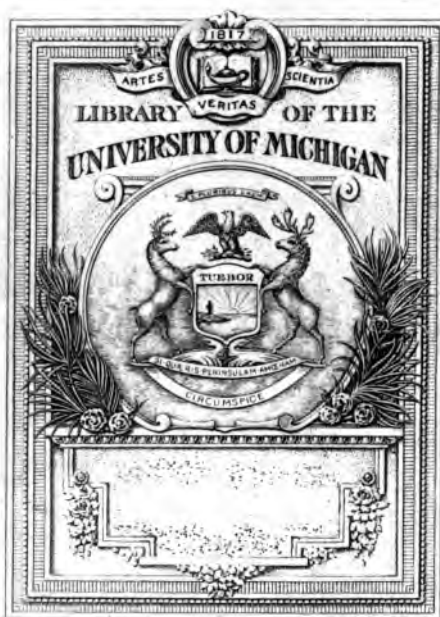
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





820.8

A24

1793

100 Ells

Story of Fidelia.
Vol. III. No. 79.



Take Back "and I
Lifting my Eyes to Heaven,
the hateful gift of Constancy.

THE
ADVENTURER,

VOLUME THE THIRD.

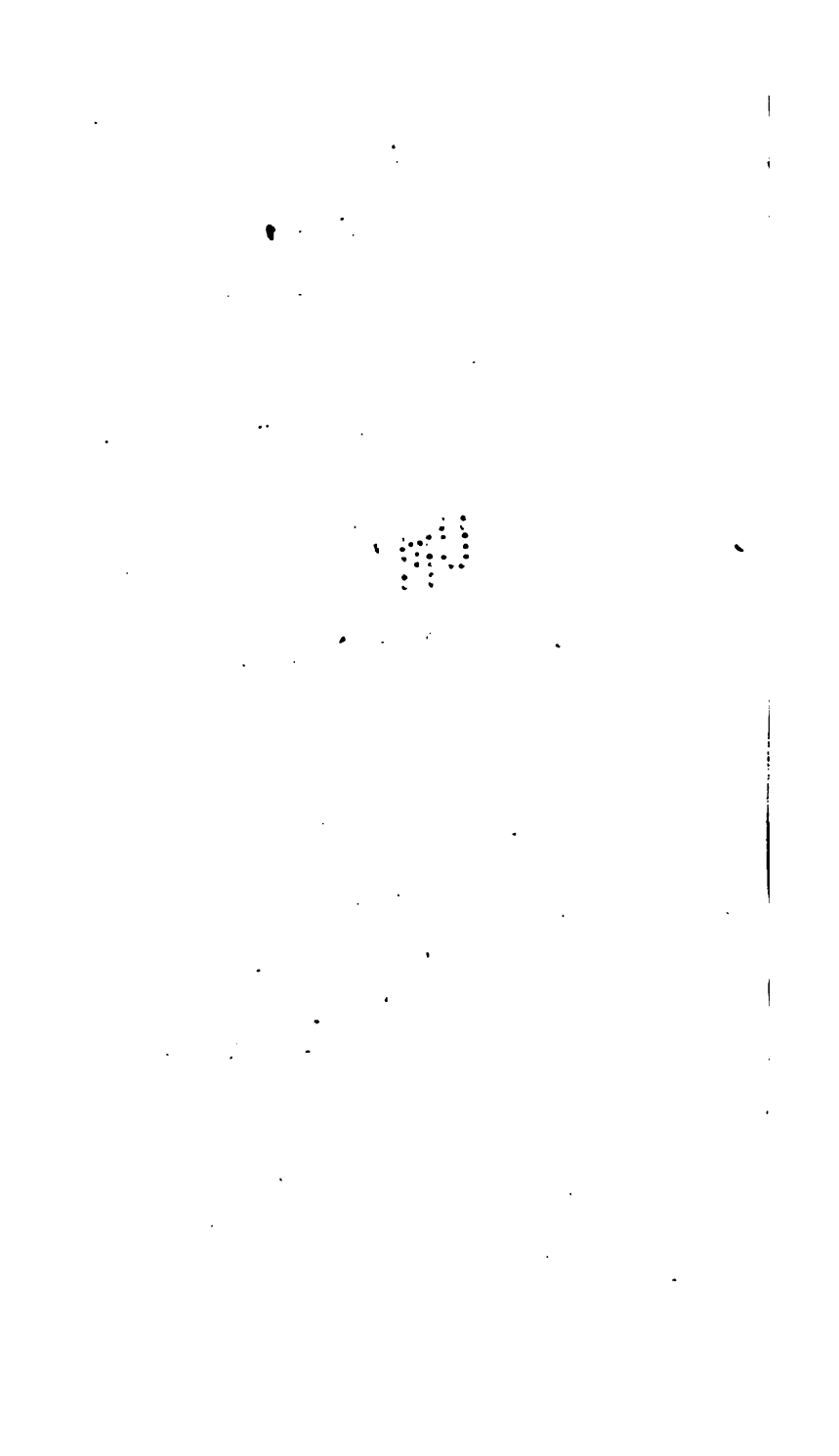
*—Tentanda via est ; quâ me quoque possum
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora. VIRG.*
On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go.
And leave the gazing multitude below.

A NEW EDITION,
ILLUSTRATED WITH FRONTISPIECES,

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR SILVEST : DOIG, ROYAL EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.

1793.



Lett.
 Langley
 1. 20. 33
 27591

CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRD VOLUME.

No.		Page
71	Letters from six characters -	1
72	The folly of human wishes and schemes to correct the moral government of the world.	
	The history of Nouraddin and Amana	8
73	The history of Nouraddin and Amana concluded - - - -	15
74	Apology for neglecting officious advice	23
75	Observations on the Odyssey of Homer	29
76	The mercy of affliction : an Eastern story	37
77	The mischiefs of superstition and infidelity.	
	The history of Fidelia -	43
78	The history of Fidelia continued -	52
79	The history of Fidelia concluded -	63
80	Observations on the Odyssey continued	73
81	Incitement to enterprize and emulation. Some account of the admirable Crichton	80
82	Personal beauty produced by moral sentiment	87
83	Observations on the Odyssey concluded	93
	84 Folly	

No.		Page
84	Folly of false pretences to importance. A journey in a stage coach - -	98
85	Study, composition, and converse, equally necessary to intellectual accomplishment	105
86	The life of Agamus, an old debauchee	112
87	Politeness a necessary auxiliary to knowledge and virtue - - -	120
88	Observations on dreaming and madness. Remarkable lunacy of Mr. Simon Browne	125
89	A fragment of Simonides, and an imitation of it	133
90	Literary offerings in the temple of fame: A vision - - -	139
91	No universal rule of moral conduct, as it respects society. Story of Yamoddin and Tamira - - -	147
92	Criticism on the Pastorals of Virgil	153
93	Observations on the Tempest of Shakespeare	163
94	Idleness, however fortunate, incapable of felicity. Story of Ned Froth -	171
95	Apology for apparent plagiarism. Sources of literary variety - - -	177
96	The necessity of reducing imagination under the dominion of reason, exemplified	183
97	Observations on the tempest concluded	188
98	Account of Tim. Wildgoose by himself. Project to prevent the disappointment of modern ambition - -	195
99	Projectors injudiciously censured and applauded	201
100	Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood: the life of Nomentanus - - -	208
101	Blemishes in the Paradise Lost -	216
	102 Infe-	

CONTENTS.

iii

No.		Page
102	Infelicities of retirement to men of business	223
103	Natural and adventitious excellence, less desirable than virtue. Almerine and Sheli-	
	mah : A fairy tale - - -	230
104	The fairy tale concluded -	236
105	On the fragments of Menander -	243

THE



THE ADVENTURER.

No. LXXI. Tuesday, July 10, 1753.

—*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.* MART.

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balsac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

VOL. III.

A

To

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

Sombre-Hall, June 18.

I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by day-light, think of that, in the new harbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the illuminated vistas at Vauxhall afford, only because he sees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated, at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means. My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, entreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give us so many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after studying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress; any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't see that you have yet published the
little

little novel I sent you ; I assure you it was written by a right honourable : but you, I suppose think the style colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's pindaric ode on the E O table, must absolutely be inserted in your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I APPLY to you, as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry. and to write a tragedy : my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an University education, from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my church-wardens, that the playhouse is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin ; my clerk

shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it, "*ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans taxi comedia*,"—on "which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed;" which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. What! cried they, would the parson put the Bible into verse? would he make stage-plays out of the Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of my whole congregation?

Your's, &c.

Jacob Thomason.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I HAD almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome in Butterfly-work, when my cruel parroquet accidentally trod upon the purple emperor, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the first letter I have written after my dreadful loss: and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any "purple emperors or swallow tails" to dispose of,

may hear of a purchaser at Lady Whim's in New Bond street.

Your's, &c.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

If you will pay off my milk-score and lodgings, stop my taylor from arresting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus, which you talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's in Wych-street, Drury-lane.

P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

You affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have, therefore, enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and

penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

“Love,” says this judicious prelate, “is not only a
 “passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a
 “malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in
 “the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraor-
 “dinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be
 “treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in or-
 “der to effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this disor-
 “der may easily be subdued by plentiful sweats and co-
 “pious bleedings, which would carry off the peccant
 “humours and these violent inflammations, would purge
 “the blood, calm its emotion, and re-establish it in its
 “former natural state. This is not merely groundless
 “conjecture, it is an opinion founded on experience.
 “A great prince, with whom I was intimately acquaint-
 “ed, having conceived a violent passion for a young
 “lady of exalted merit, was obliged to leave her, and
 “to take the field with the army. During this ab-
 “sence, his love was cherished and kept alive by a very
 “frequent and regular intercourse of letters to the
 “end of the campaign, when a dangerous sickness re-
 “duced him to extremity. By applying to the most
 “powerful and efficacious drugs physic could boast of,
 “he recovered his health, but lost his passion, which
 “the great evacuations he had used had entirely car-
 “ried off unknown to him. For imagining that he
 “was as much in love as ever, he found himself unex-
 “pectedly cold and indifferent, the first time he beheld
 “again.

“ again the lady of whom he had been so passionately
 “ fond. The like accident befel one of my most inti-
 “ mate friends, who recovering from a long and stub-
 “ born fever by falling into copious sweats, perceived
 “ at the same time that he was cured of a passion, that
 “ for some time before had continually teized and
 “ grievously tormented him. He had no longer any
 “ taste for the object he formerly adored, attempted
 “ in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that in-
 “ sensibility and dislike had banished tenderness and
 “ respect,”

I am your's,

Akalqs.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

IN one of your late sermons I am informed, for I never
 read myself, that you have presumed to speak with ridi-
 cule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven
 of us agreed last night at the King's Arms, that if you
 dared to be guilty of the like impudence a second time,
 we would come in a body and untile your garret, burn
 your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers ready
 written for the press into a jakes, and drive you out into
 the Strand in your tattered night-gown and slippers: and
 you may guess what a fine spectacle the mob will think an
 animal that so seldom sees the sun as you do. I assure
 you, hat next to a day at Broughton's, or the damna-

tion of a new play, the truest joy of our fraternity is,
 "to hunt an author."

Your's,

Z

Bob Whipplean.

[No. LXXII. Saturday, July 14, 1753.

Πολλὰ μετὰ πάλιν καλὸς καὶ χυλὸς αὐτῶ.

PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

Doſt thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs
 of

of Divine perfection! Look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendor, abundance, and beauty; is not He who produced them Mighty? Thou confidest; is not he who formed thy understanding, Wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, Good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before, I had never seen.

A 5

When

When they came near I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: "Heli," said he, "those who desire Knowledge that they may teach Virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction." We sat down, and I listened to the counsel of an Angel, or the music of Paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchant-dise of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty; the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed

a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty : they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt ; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman : the merchandise which he was transporting, had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire : he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents ; his message was received with gratitude and joy ; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire ; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured ; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval, Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation ; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth, only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect : she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight ; while he spoke, she gazed upon him with esteem and

reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women, but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightening in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who, in the midst of magnificence and fervility, the flattery of dependent ambition and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: "By the smile of my Lord," said he, "let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired; he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneel-
ed

ed to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse; he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by her stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

No. LXXIII. Tuesday, July 17, 1753.

—*Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.* Juv.

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour.

DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist: he therefore, raised her from the ground and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed. "Let my Lord," said she, "dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd,"

"herd,

“ herd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from
“ whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a
“ slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble
“ bonds. O ! let not the terrors of thy frown be up-
“ on me ! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a rep-
“ tile of the dust ? shall the judge of nations retain the
“ worthless theft of treachery and revenge ? or shall he,
“ for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice
“ in the sufferance of one alienated mind ?” Ofmin,
whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire
and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of
Amana, and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw
her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in
suspence : but the passions which eloquence had re-
pressed, soon became again predominant ; and he com-
manded Amana to be told, that if within three hours
she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he
would cast the head of the slave for whom he was re-
jected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered,
and the woman who had returned to Amana when the
Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress,
and trembling at her danger : the evils which they
could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous
to delay ; and, therefore, advised her to request three
days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover
the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate
of her own happiness ; and with this request to send,
as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in
which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she
had first drank herself.

To

To this advice, after some throbs of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: "If wisdom and goodness do indeed
" preside over the works of omnipotence, whence is
" oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the
" power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven
" would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I
" was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!" The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him. "Nouraddin," said the vision, "I am of the region above thee; but
" my business is with the children of the earth. Thou
" hast wished to be Osmin, and as far as this wish is
" possible it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his
" power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to
" conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin,
" but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: "As
" often as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to
" the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately
" changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin,
" and

“and from Osmin to Nouraddin.” The genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient : he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace ; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy : “ What is my felicity, and
“ what is my power ? I am wretched, by the want of
“ that which the caprice of women has bestowed upon
“ my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire ; I
“ can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume
“ the form in which I might enjoy my wishes ? I will
“ at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin,
“ I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of A-
“ mana.” He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent ; but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled ; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana ; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy ; and the gratification of his
appetite

appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled : a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana ; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poinard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor ; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the meantime, the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa ; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate ; in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but as she entered alone pale and trembling ; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his

arms

arms about her in an extasy of tenderness and joy ; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Osmin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor : he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms ; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy ; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other ; told her by what means he had intercepted her message ; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch, whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed ; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. “ In the bowl,” said she, “ which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison : a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy.”

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden : his legs already trembled, and his eyes became
dim :

dim : he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was, distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak : impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast ; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment : the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians ; the effects of poison were evident ; Amana was immediately suspected : and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

“ Such,” said the companion of Rhedi, “ was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil : let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge clothe thee with humility.”

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud ; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment : but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue ; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. “ Hæmet,” said he, “ the voice which thou hast heard, is
“ the

“ the voice of Zachis the genius ; by whose power the
“ wonders which he has related were produced. It is
“ the province of Zachis to punish impatience and pre-
“ sumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish
“ to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to di-
“ rect the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast
“ heard, to preserve others from his power.”

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with pa-
tience, and vice dread to incur the misery she would in-
flict, for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven,
his own portion of good is diminished ; and he who pre-
sumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point up-
on his own bosom.

No. LXXIV. Saturday, July 21, 1753.

Infanientis dum sapientiæ.

Consultus, erro.

HOK

I mist my end, and lost my way,
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

To the Adventurer.

S I R,

It has been long charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away, and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuse their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands: since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise;

yet

yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our own experience; and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious abandoned, as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite among the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every
opinion

opinion with submissive silence, professed myself ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this complaisant attention: nor, when the consequence of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me: I was, however, very well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener,

however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some sober matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how to keep my character in this censorious age, how to conduct myself in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are all naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and completely qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every danger; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to shew that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all those that had assumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herself, was universally agreed: and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably

variably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcilable variety of instructions. I was sometimes told; that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife: but a grave widow directed me to choose a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into fullness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment, to a good face or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurement; and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendants fixed anxiously upon me; and I was next day

cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had written verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit, I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards [attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthysic a year after; and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altilis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that some of my lovers withdrew themselves

selves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away, by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

PERDITA.

No. LXXV. Tuesday July 24. 1753.

Quid virtus & quid sapientia possit,

Unile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulysseni.

HOR.

To shew what pious wisdom's pow'r can do,
The poet sets Ulysses in our view.

! FRANCIS.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyssæ of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter: a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Bræmont to Pope's translation

tion of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective, and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectingly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the *Odyſſey* excels the *Iliad* in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively useful than that of the *Iliad*; which, indeed, by displaying the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the *Manual of Monarchs*: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance and fortitude of *Ulyſſes*, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy, then should our eyes rather be fixed on *Ulyſſes* than *Achilles*. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry: "*The Muses*," to apply the words of an ancient Lyric,

ric, "have concealed and decorated the bloody sword
"with wreaths of myrtle." Let the Iliad be ever
ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit
and sublimity; but let not the milder, and, perhaps,
more insinuating and attractive beauties of the Odyssey
be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed
amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πασπαλλομένη βέβρηθε χθών
ἤμαρ σπάρην, ὅτι λαβροτάτον χρεὶ ὕδαρ
Ζεὺς, ὅτι δὴ ἔα ἀνδρῶσι ποτισσάμενος χαλεπήνῃ.

Iliad XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers:
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies.

POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful:

Ὅστι ποτ' ἄμβρος,
Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύρου λογυπνιοῦτο γὰρ ὀρησας
Ὡπιατος ἀνῆλθιν ἀναψυχὴν ἀνθρώπων.

Odyss. IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures
of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those
who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in
allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scar-

let: and the *Odyſſey*, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure veſtment.

The predominant paſſion of *Ulyſſes* being the love of his country, for the ſake of which he even reſuſes immortality, the poet has taken every occaſion to diſplay it in the liveliſt and moſt ſtriking colours. The firſt time we behold the hero, we find him diſconſolately ſitting on the ſolitary ſhore, fighting to return to *Ithaca*, *Νοστον ἀδύρομενον*, weeping inceſſantly, and ſtill caſting his eyes upon the ſea,

Ποῖον ἐπ' ἀπρυγίτου δεικνύσται, δαίμον λείων.

“ While a goddeſs,” ſays *Minerva* at the very beginning of the poem, “ by her power and her allurements “ detains him from *Ithaca*, he is dying with deſire to “ ſee even ſo much as the ſmoke ariſe from his much- “ loved iſland: *tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora!*” While the luxurious *Phæacians* were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and muſic, for the time approached when he was to return to *Ithaca*: they had prepared a ſhip for him to ſet ſail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happineſs having engroſſed all his ſoul,

He ſate, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the night——

——— *ἄν γὰρ μάλιστα νοστέει.*

To repreſent his impatience more ſtrongly, the poet adds a moſt expreſſive ſimile, ſuited to the ſimplicity of ancient times: “ The ſetting of the ſun,” ſays he, “ was as welcome and grateful to *Ulyſſes*, as it is to a
“ well

" well-laboured plowman, who earnestly waits for its
 " decline, that he may return to his supper, *Δεσν*
 " *παυχύνει*, while his weary knees are painful to him as
 " he walks along."

————— *Βλέπειν δὲ τὸ γένος αὐτοῦ*

" Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments
 " I received from Calypso, yet," says our hero, " I
 " perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments
 " which this immortal beauty gave to me."

————— *Εμπετο δ' αὖτις*

Δακρυῖ διπλοῦντα καὶ μοι ἀβρότα δάκκ. Καλυψώ.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of
 this love of his country ; and his whole behaviour con-
 vinces us,

Ὡς οὐδὲ γλαυκῆς παίδος οὐδὲ τέκνου

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein
 throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply in-
 culcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily
 make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted
 and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry !

Nor is the *Odyssæy* less excellent and useful, in the
 amiable pictures it affords of private affections and do-
 mestic tenderneſſes,

————— and all the charities

Of father, son, and brother ———

MILTON.

When

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprize, he eagerly enquires into the causes of her death, and adds, "Doth my father yet live? does my son possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?"—These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that "she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow for him: and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return."

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son on his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible: Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

I, I am he! O father rise! behold!
Thy son!

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not
add

add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. "It is not lawful for me," says the *Λῆξ* "ἑρπιδεύς" "I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!" "Keep," says Epictetus, "continually in thy memory what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses." I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of Eumeus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry: but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation: "Since it is delightful," says Fenelon, "to see in one of Titian's landscapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Ténier's pieces, a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the *Odysséy*. This simplicity of manners seems to recall the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra."

The moral precepts with which every page of the *Odysséy* is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wish is here accomplished; for we behold virtue personally appearing to the sons of men, in her most awful and most alluring charms.

The remaining reasons, why the *Odysséy* is equal, if not superior to the *Iliad*, and why it is a poem most pe-

cularly proper for the perusal of youth, are ; because the great variety of events and scenes it contains, interest and engage the attention more than the *Iliad* ; because characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more useful to the generality of readers, and are also more difficult to be drawn ; and because the conduct of this poem, considered as the most perfect of Epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the others. The discussion of these beauties will make the subject of some ensuing paper.

Z

No.

No. LXXVI. Saturday, July 28. 1753.

*Duc me, PARENS, celsique dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit ; nulla parendi mora est ;
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle ; comitabor gemens,
Malusque patiar, quod bona licuit pati.*

SENECA ex CLEANthes.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design !
Active, I follow on: for should my will
Re sist, I'm impious ; but must follow still.

HARRIS.

Bozaldab, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his min-

2206

strels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor; "I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace; Look from hence, into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a *solitary*, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale

meagre,

meagre, ghastly figure : it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert ; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use ; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening, to watch the setting sun and to give a signal to any ship that might happily approach the island.

“ Inhabitant of heaven,” cried Bozaldab, “ suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.”

“ Peace,” said the Angel, “ and observe.”

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket ? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised,” exclaimed Bozaldab !—“ Look again,” said the Angel, “ and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock ; dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors ? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of
events.

“ events. The man whom thou has pitied shall be
 “ taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the me-
 “ thod thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice,
 “ by which he became not only abominable, but
 “ wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth,
 “ which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every
 “ wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has
 “ now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he
 “ cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to
 “ be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners,
 “ and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now
 “ learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good
 “ or evil, only by the situation and temper of the pos-
 “ sessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wis-
 “ dom! But turn thine eyes to another and more in-
 “ teresting scene.”

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Goleonda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aberam, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

“ Gracious Alla!—it is my son,” cried the Caliph—
 “ O let me hold him to my heart!” “ Thou canst not
 “ grasp an unsubstantial vision,” replied the Angel:
 “ I am now shewing thee what would have been the
 “ destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the
 “ earth.” “ And why,” returned Bozaldab, was he
 “ not permitted to continue? Why was not I suffered
 “ to be a witness of so much felicity and power!”
 “ Consider the sequel,” replied he that dwells in the
 fifth

fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!"

"Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss

“ bys of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not
“ infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an
“ infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the chan-
“ nels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive
“ the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the wa-
“ ters of the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happi-
“ ness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect
“ happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as per-
“ fect power and eternity.”

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

Z

No.

No. LXXVII. Tuesday, July 31. 1753.

——— *Pedcare docentes*

Pallax biflorias monet.

HOR.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the Adventurer.

S I R,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me : I shall therefore, without farther preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance ; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old ; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality
made

made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to insulate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to choose virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connexion with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt

very sentiment and opinion which he proposed as his own; especially, as he took care to support principles by the authority and arguments of the writers against Christianity. At the age of 14, I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and help of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sorrows. In this distress, a brother of my mother's, who was very rich in trade, received me into his house, and he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and in the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was enjoying once more the taste of happiness. My uncle, as a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more when, happening to examine my books, he found by and by that some of them were what he called blasphemous, and intended, as he imagined, to make me an infidel. I endeavoured to explain my principles, but I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to dispute or disavow; but as I never could make him comprehend any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, denied neither God nor devil. As he was really a
good

good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction : I perceived it with the utmost concern ; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition ; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to " adorn the " doctrine which he professed to believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable ; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide, and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever en-

gage

gage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing.—“What stuff is all this,” interrupted my uncle, “sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have founded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend’s kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whether the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife?—As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child; wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all farther care or trouble about you; so I leave you to consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you choose to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot providence has cut out for you.”

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of
the

the two states he had set before me I ought to choose ; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with additional weight of 'perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty, and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination ; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me ; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it : but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness ; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle ; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all the accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved ; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I

could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other ; that a false vow was certainly criminal ; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it ; that my affections did not depend on my own will ; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far ; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe ; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all ; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion ; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience ; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curt'sy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let

lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot: What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a-year, than you who have not a shilling, I found it would not do, and that there was something more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or a genius? Do you think I cared three farthings for the woman I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds were worth having; with

“ with that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties, and
“ indulge my taste in every kind of pleasure. And
“ pray what is it to me, whether my wife has beauty,
“ or wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me
“ with all that in others? You, cousin, had an oppor-
“ tunity of being as happy as I am: the men, believe
“ me, would not like you a bit the worse for being
“ married: on the contrary, you would find, that for
“ one who took notice of you as a single woman, twen-
“ ty would be your admirers and humble servants
“ when there was no danger of being taken in. Thus
“ you might have gratified all your passions, made an
“ elegant figure in life, and have chosen out some gen-
“ tle swain as romantic and poetical as you pleased for
“ your Cecisbee. The good John Trot husband
“ would have been easily managed, and—” Here my
indignation could be detained no longer, and I was
leaving the room in disdain, when he caught me by the
hand—“ Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of these
“ violent airs. I thought you and I had known one an-
“ other better. Let the poor souls, who are taught
“ by the priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-
“ fire, and to think they shall go to the devil for fol-
“ lowing nature and making life agreeable, be as out-
“ rageously virtuous as they please: you have too much
“ sense to be frightened at bugbears; you know that the
“ term of your existence is but short; and it is highly
“ reasonable to make it as pleasant as possible.”—I
was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but
bursting from his hold, told him I would take care not
to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress,
and affronting my understanding; and so left his house
with a resolution never to enter it again.

Y.

No. LXXVIII. Saturday, August 4, 1753:

—*Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*

Juv.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude; her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months,

months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear, till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. "You are sensible, my dear Fidelia," said she, "that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with yours. I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your notions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure, you know best; but it seems to me a very odd conduct for one in your situation to give offence to so good an uncle; first by maintaining doctrines which may be very true for ought I know, but which are very contrary to the received opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and secondly, to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man he chose for you; to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy for his person."—Antipathy, my dear! said I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion! The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife; a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. "I am heartily glad," answered she, "that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination? I wish your enthu-

“siasm may continue; and that you may still be farther convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils.”

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to shew every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropped hints in the course of the conversation

tion relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings; I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt:

no inconveniencies from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of the world: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thoughts of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learned from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me
more

more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine ; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship ; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did ; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and

I expected that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found it otherwise ; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of ; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with ; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced, Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse : every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and intreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him ; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out, he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way ; but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I

was.

was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal

darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briers, and terminates in impenetrable darkness: but I see another that is strewed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity; this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to choose the first, and avoid the last. I fought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment, since

I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it ?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation : when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation : suffice it that I submitted to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin ; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry ; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me
with

with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself.

Y.

No.

No. LXXIX. Tuesday, August 7. 1753.

*Quisquam igitur leber ? Sapiens : sibi qui imperiosus ;
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula ter-*
rent :

*Responfare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis : et in seipso totus : teres atque rotundus,
 Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari.*

HOR.

Who then is free ?—The wise, who well maintains
 An empire o'er himself : whom neither chains,
 Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire ;
 Who boldly answers to his warm desire ;
 Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise ;
 Firm in himself who on himself relies ;
 Polish'd and round, who runs his proper course,
 And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FRANCIS.

THIS was the state of my mind during a year which I
 passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was una-
 bated for eight months of the time ; and as I had no
 other objects to share my attention, neither friend nor
 relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the
 love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him.
 The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to

my

my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learned at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to choose the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect

fect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where, after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me; by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it, would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither
could.

could they sustain me in adversity : conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward : whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who, with looks of terror, pity and benevolence, asked what I was about to do? At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him ; but by degrees the compassion he shewed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

“ O ! Madam,” said he, “ these are gracious signs,
“ and unlike those which first drew my attention, and
“ made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal
“ purpose

“ purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts
“ which could make a face like your’s appear the pic-
“ ture of horror ! I was taking my morning walk, and
“ have seen you a considerable time ; sometimes stop-
“ ping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening
“ your pace, and sometimes walking slow with your
“ eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to Hea-
“ ven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but ra-
“ ther of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how
“ is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with
“ life, nay even with Heaven ? Recall your reason and
“ your hope, and let this seasonable prevention of your
“ fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good things to
“ come, of GOD’s mercy not yet alienated from you,
“ and stooping from his throne to save your soul from
“ perdition.”

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man’s concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence ; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion

was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art, but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. "This poor lady," said he, "from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence for those evils which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better."

"Indeed, my dear madam," said she, "that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty,

"that

“ that dreaded evil to which you could not submit,
“ wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his
“ profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that
“ I and my children have often wanted necessaries :
“ and though I had always a weakly constitution, I
“ have helped to support my family by the labour of
“ my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by
“ daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be
“ my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated
“ by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve
“ my life ; but I have not the means to obtain that as-
“ sistance.”—O hold, interrupted I, my soul is shocked
at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How
is it that you support them ? Why do I not see you, in
despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put
yourself out of the reach of torment ? But above all,
tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst
such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness
and serene complacency which shines so remarkably
in your countenance, and animates every look and
motion ?

“ That cheerfulness and complacency,” answered
the good woman, “ I feel in my heart. My mind is
“ not only serene, but often experiences the highest
“ emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest
“ hopes can give.” And whence, said I, do you derive
this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery,
and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow,
poverty, and death ! She was silent a moment ; then
stepping to her closet, reached a bible, which she put
into my hands. “ See there,” said she, “ the volume
“ in which I learn this art. Here I am taught,
“ that everlasting glory is in store for all who will ac-
“ cept

“cept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance and support from the Lord of life; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?”

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the sacred Writings, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! "where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust; but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being;

being ; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O ! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God ; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity : tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, “ Though Vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.”

I am, &c.

FIDELIA.”

Nc.

No. LXXX. Saturday, August 11. 1753.

Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant, & ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentiæ literatores, & sibi legant relegantque senes.

ERASMUS.

There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first

VOL. III. D species,

species, yet the *Odyſſey* may boaſt a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vaſt variety of ſcenes perpetually ſhifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many ſudden turns of fortune in this diverſified poem, muſt more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the *Iliad*. The continual glare of a ſingle colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and diſguſt the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, preſume to ſay with Voltaire, that among the greateſt admirers of antiquity, there is ſcarce one to be found, who could ever read the *Iliad* with that eagernels and rapture which a woman feels when ſhe peruſes the novel of *Zayde*, but will however venture to affirm, that the *ſpecioſa miracula* of the *Odyſſey* are better calculated to excite our curioſity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguiſhed impatience to the cataſtrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the *Iliad*.

The boundleſs exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied ſpirit and fire, *ἀνέμωτον πῦρ*, has enabled Homer to diverſify the deſcriptions of his battles with many circumſtances of great variety: ſometimes by ſpecifying the different characters, ages, profeſſions, or nations of his dying heroes; ſometimes by deſcribing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and ſometimes by tender and pathetic ſtrokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his ſon juſt murdered, of the deſolate condition of the widows who will now be enſlaved, and of the children that will be daſhed againſt the ſtones. But notwithſtanding this delicate art and addreſs in
the

the poet, the subject remains the same; and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers: these small modifications and adjuncts are not sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles are indeed nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and picturesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped,

Antiphaten, Scythamque, & cum Cyclope & Charibdin;

Antiphates his hideous feast devour,
Charybdis bark, and Polyphemus roar;

FRANCIS.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons differ so widely from each other, then it is that poetry becomes "a perpetual feast of nectared sweets," and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety nor disgust.

But besides its variety, the *Odyſſey* is the moſt amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preſerves to us of ancient manners, cuſtoms, laws, and politics, and of the domeſtic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes poliſhed, the more the genuine feelings of nature are diſguiſed, and their manners are conſequently leſs adapted to bear a faithful deſcription. Good-breeding is founded on the diſſimulation or ſuppreſſion of ſuch ſentiments as may probably provoke or offend thoſe with whom we conſerve. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not ſuited to the dignity and ſimplicity of the Epic Muſe. The coronation feaſt of an European monarch would not ſhine half ſo much in poetry, as the ſimple ſupper prepared for Ulyſſes at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for deſcription than thoſe of Verſailles; and Nauſicaa, deſcending to the river to waſh her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow virgins, like Diana amidſt her nymphs,

Ῥίη δ' ἀργιότητι πύλαται, καὶ αἰεὶ διείπασαι,

Though all are fair, ſhe ſhines above the reſt,

is a far more graceful figure, than the moſt glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plaiſtered to repair the vigils of cards, and a ſhape violated by a ſtiff brocade, and an immeaſurable hoop. The compliment alſo which Ulyſſes pays to this innocent unadorned beauty, eſpecially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and

and elegance than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock; but the present modes of life must be forgotten, when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say, patriarchal simplicity of manners displayed in the *Odyssey*, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion, and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the *Iliad*, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcass of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Dio-

mede and Ajax: the natural is as strong an evidence of true genius as the sublime. It is in such images the *Odyssey* abounds; the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern, and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic had produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter, only to remove the clouds that involved him; "and then," says he, "destroy me if thou wilt in the day-light;" *ἢ δὲ φῶς καὶ ἀλίσσῃ*. But surely the reflections, which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says, "Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evils shall befall him at another season, while the gods bestow on him strength."

“ strength and happiness. But when the immortal
 “ Gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with
 “ unwillingness and repining. Such is the mind of
 “ the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter
 “ sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself
 “ among the happy, and elated with prosperity and
 “ pride, and relying on my family and friends, com-
 “ mitted many acts of injustice. But let no man be
 “ proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the gods
 “ bestow on him with humility and silence.” I chose
 to translate this sententious passage as literally as pos-
 sible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and
 striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and
 the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being
 deeply affected. Can we therefore forbear giving our
 assent to the truth of the title which Alcidas, ac-
 cording to Aristotle in his rhetoric, bestows on the
Odyssey; who calls it “ a beautiful mirror of human
 “ life,” καλὸν ἀνθρώπου βίη πατήρησιν.

Homer, in the *Iliad*, resembles the river Nile, when
 it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the
 neighbouring inhabitants. In the *Odyssey*, he is still
 like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently
 diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of
 Egypt.

No. LXXXI. Tuesday, August 14. 1753.

Nil desperandum.

HOR.

Avaunt despair.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to inquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers: he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendour of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far, as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency, can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent culti-

vation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be enflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

"Virtue," says Virgil, "is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form:" the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre, a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day : offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed, three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him ; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated ; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man ; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterward he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city : then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated, in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting; he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music; he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated
masters.

masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant, and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six

men

men masked. Neither his courage nor his skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince, who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning; the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

No. LXXXII. Saturday, August 18. 1753.

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; "The art of being pretty."

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness, or the distinction of merit,

T

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt : it is therefore to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adorn an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer : and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference; they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance ; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion : and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike ; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion ; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain or malevolence, will be reflected as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned ;
and

and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies, as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will im-
press

press upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation ; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain ; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together ; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health : it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection ; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind ; and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance ; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax ; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended : thus, an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that

are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act : the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which makes a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor ; " It is," to use an eastern metaphor, like " the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence : " if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it ; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty ; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity : every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty ; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish ; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factious beauty has laid by her smiles ; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have

lost

lost their influence with their novelty ; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain ? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please ; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue ; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

No. LXXXIII. Tuesday, August 21. 1753.

Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in dissolutionem nodi, agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimum diligentiae.

CICERO.

The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the solution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.

Of the three only perfect Epopees, which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the Odyssæy seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a Recognition or discovery, and without a Peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable called complex, when it contains both a discovery and

and peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest, and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprise and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the Oedipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Tauris and Alcestes of Euripides, to the Ajax, Philoctetes, and Medea of the same writers, and to the Prometheus of Eschylus : because these last are all uncomplicated fables ; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befall the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the Athaliah of Racine, and the Merope of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer : the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope, who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected, but yet so probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the Odyssæy being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the Iliad and the Æneid, which are both simple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters,

acters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

“ A man is for several years absent from his home ;
“ Neptune continually watches and persecutes him ;
“ his retinue being destroyed, he remains alone : but
“ while his estate is wasting by the suitors of his wife,
“ and his son’s life is plotted against, he himself suddenly arrives after many storms at sea, discovers himself to some of his friends, falls on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and destroys his enemies.
“ This is what is essential to the fable ; the episodes
“ make up the rest.”

From these observations on the nature of the fable of the *Odyssæy* in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different interests which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero, happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation of any farther event. Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinsic, should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had inflicted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tem-

tempests; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the *Odyssey* in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose, "what more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and storms?" The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master, whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this plot, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but bursts into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he intreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books; an occasion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midst of the action;

action ; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange amusing tales, resolved to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus : he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprise and to punish the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character ; but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last when his nurse Euriclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions by Signs and Tokens, below those that are effected by Reasoning, as in the Oedipus and Iphigenia ; yet it ought ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by a discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprise and satisfaction of the reader complete.

Upon the whole, the Odyssæy is a poem that exhibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and

natural pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the justest pattern of a legitimate Epopee: and is, therefore, peculiarly useful to those, who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

Z.

No. LXXXIV. Saturday, August 25. 1753.

*Tolle periculum,
Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.* HON.

But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.
FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It has been observed, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest
of

of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character; are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself, when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage coach; which, as every journey is a

kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet furtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the
company

company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture ; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away ; we continued all obdurate ; the ladies held up their heads ; I amused myself with watching their behaviour ; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast ; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what everyone had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table ; when the gentleman in the red furtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us ; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was his way to make himself one of the company. " I remember," says he, " it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble : we called at a little house as it might be this ; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to

“ whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious,
“ and made so many merry answers to our questions,
“ that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At
“ last the good woman happening to overhear me
“ whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so
“ surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely
“ get a word from her ; and the duke never met me
“ from that day to this, but he talks of the little
“ house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the land-
“ lady.”

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark “ the inconveniences of travelling, and
“ the difficulty which they who never sat at home
“ without a great number of attendants found in per-
“ forming for themselves such offices as the road re-
“ quired ; but that people of quality often travelled in
“ disguise, and might be generally known from the
“ vulgar by their condescension to poor inn-keepers,
“ and the allowance which they made for any defect
“ in their entertainment ; that for her part, while the peo-
“ ple were civil and meant well, it was never her cus-
“ tom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a
“ journey all that one enjoyed at one’s own house.”

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper ; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, “ It is impossible,” says he, “ for
“ any man to guess how to act with regard to the
“ stocks : last week it was the general opinion that
“ they would fall ; and I sold out twenty thousand
“ pounds.

“ pounds in order to a purchase : they have now risen
“ unexpectedly ; and I make no doubt, but at my re-
“ turn to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds
“ among them again.”

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that “ he had a
“ hundred times talked with the chancellor and the
“ judges on the subject of the stocks ; that for his part
“ he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the
“ principles on which they were established, but had
“ always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation ;
“ and that he had been advised by three judges, his
“ most intimate friends, never to venture his money
“ in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security,
“ till he could light upon an estate in his own country.”

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration ; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other : yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company ; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest ; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims ; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect ;

and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end ; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved ; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley ; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange ; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained ; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day ; and of claiming upon false pretences, honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others ; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall

shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and All must be shewn to All in their real estate.

T.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

VIATOR.

No. LXXXV. Tuesday, August 28. 1753.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer.*

HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain.

FRANCIS.

It is observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our

regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiment and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves,

ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain : if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance ; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried ? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him ?

Of those whom providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small ; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little : the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects ; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Persius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it : to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward

those qualities which are concealed from it ; with respect to others, it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them ; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse, and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts " besprent," as Pope expresses it, " with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom ; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present ; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, *opaque*, and that *pellucidum* signified *pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science ; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they pre-suppose their
readers

readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries, and expect that short hints and obscure illusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a reclusé life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation, or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man, who, having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected

rejected by another ; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice ; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd ; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom ; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him : nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes ; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible : a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force : thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction ; we learn to satisfy ourselves with ratiocination as silences others ; and seldom recal to a close examination, that

that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others; in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T.

No.

No. LXXXVI. Saturday, September 1. 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago.——

FOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress.

FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

To indulge that restless impatience which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and afterwards removed me

to

to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university, even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained, by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university, and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the oeconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it

was

was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune ; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that, whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring ; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged : the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings : but after a few months she found herself with child ; a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion : however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants ; and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance ; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination ; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if

I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she entreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs; which I furnished, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware; commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country. She reported, that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea; and that his pay, which she had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl, with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify: my visits, therefore, became less frequent: but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After.

After the first year, I wholly neglected her ; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity, than desire to make some inquiry after her ; and soon learnt, that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched ; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up : but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility ; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree, the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of whom I had seen many generations perish ; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago, I celebrated my sixtieth birthday with some friends at a tavern ; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm
with

with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprise and concern: she inquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained sometime torpid: but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms,

Strove

strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified ; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes ; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes ; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may perhaps hereafter communicate ; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I proposed to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future : but alas ! of the future a few years only can remain ; and of the past, not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which, by miracle I have rescued my own ! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young ; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye ; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling sim-

city of infancy ; had been watched in sickness anxiety that suspended sleep ; had been fed by the industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these are verified, and this hope deceived ! And yet, so full is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes re-
the restraint which is come upon me ; I wish to gain into the slumber from which I have been
I, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My
is this moment bursting for utterance : but I
words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

No.

No. LXXXVII. Tuesday, September 4. 1753.

*Iracundior est paulo ; minùs aptus acutis
 Naribus horum hominum ; rederi possit, eo quòd
 Rusticiùs tonsa toga defluit, & malè laxus
 In pede calceus hæret :—at ingenium ingens
 Inculto latet hoc sub corpore——*

HOR.

Your friend is passionate : perhaps unfit
 For the brisk petulance of modern wit :
 His hair ill cut, his robe that aukward flows,
 Or his large shoes to raillery expose
 The man.—
 But underneath this rough uncouth disguise,
 A genius of extensive knowledge lies.

FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishment, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called Good Breeding;
 a name

a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher, or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practise of good breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a

prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem ; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court, many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest ; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said, " I wonder that this person, who is by " some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should " yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved ; " when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet " heard without pleasure, and commended without " friendship." " You would cease to wonder," replied " Dante, " if you considered, that a conformity of " character is the source of friendship." This sarcasm which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable ; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others : it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage ; and not the still voice of Reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence : if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise ; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably

portionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a description of lady Fanny's jewels and lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horserace or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game itself or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always choose to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practice good breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an obscure science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their se-

veral objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to these, who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied Boileau, in the presence of madam Maintenon, "he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others, from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending in the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man should be Well-bred at the expence of his Virtue; no man should practice virtue, so as to deter others from Imitation.

Z.

No.

No. LXXXVIII. Saturday, September 8. 1753.

——— *Semperque relinqui,
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Æe viam.* ———

VIRG.

——— She seems alone,
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guileless and dark. ———

DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravity, the first principles of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phenomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the ALMIGHTY: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invincible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly passive ; for dreams are so far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect ; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination : and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep, than when we are awake ; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that “ in sleep the power of memory “ is wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed only about such objects as present themselves, “ without comparing the past with the present ;” except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that when the tail is cut off, the rest of the members become more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite ; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form : but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognisance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his clothes which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold ; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses

an

an area of ten feet square ; but of wainscot and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependants.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply; he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to shew why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles, and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is indeed sometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind; his sport is always mischief; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy; and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other: it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the mind, reason is thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and

the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher, of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment; and after much importunity he told them, "that he had fallen under
" the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his
" rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only
" an animal life in common with brutes; that it was
" therefore profane for him to pray, and incongruous
" to be present at the prayers of others."

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsided in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervour this ejaculation: "Most merciful
" and almighty God, let thy spirit, which moved up-
" on the face of the waters when there was no light,
" descend

"descend upon me, that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise thee!"

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect is, "A defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation," and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

"MADAM,

"Of all extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your majesty's acceptance is the chief.

"Not in itself indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your majesty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taste.

"But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

"He was once a man, and of some little name, but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or

“ diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him,
“ or was perceived by it.

“ Such a present from such a thing, however worth-
“ less in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to
“ your majesty, the author being such as history cannot
“ parallel : and if the fact, which is real, and no fiction
“ nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be record-
“ ed as the most memorable and indeed astonishing
“ event in the reign of George the second, that a
“ tract composed by such a thing was presented to the
“ illustrious Caroline ; his royal consort needs not be
“ added ; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that
“ with pleasure to all succeeding times,

“ He has been informed, that your majesty’s piety is
“ as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities
“ are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be
“ truly known to the great searcher of hearts only ;
“ He alone, who can look into them, can discern if
“ they are sincere, and the main intention corresponds
“ with the appearance ; and your majesty cannot take
“ it amiss, if such an author hints, that His secret ap-
“ probation is of infinitely greater value than the
“ commendation of men, who may be easily mistaken
“ and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

“ But if he had been told the truth, such a case as
“ his will certainly strike your majesty with astonish-
“ ment, and may raise that commiseration in your
“ royal breast which he has in vain endeavoured to
“ excite in those of his friends, who, by the most un-
“ reasonable and ill-founded conceit in the world,
“ have imagined, that a thinking being could for
“ seven years together live a stranger to its own
“ powers,

“ powers, exercises, operations, and state, and to what
“ the great God has been doing in it and to it.

“ If your majesty, in your most retired address to
“ the King of Kings, should think of so singular a
“ case, you may perhaps make it your devout request,
“ that the reign of your beloved sovereign and consort
“ may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of
“ a soul now in the utmost ruin, the restoration of one
“ utterly lost at present amongst men.

“ And should this case affect your royal breast, you
“ will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all
“ the truly devout, who have the honour to be known
“ to your majesty : many such doubtless there are ;
“ though courts are not usually the places where the
“ devout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is
“ not improbable, that multitudes of the pious through-
“ out the land may take a case to heart, that under
“ your majesty’s patronage comes thus recommended.

“ Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained
“ from heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with
“ what a transport of gratitude would the recovered
“ being throw himself at your Majesty’s feet, and
“ adoring the divine power and grace, profess himself,

“ MADAM,

“ Your majesty’s most obliged

“ And dutiful servant.”

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means

to suppress; wisely considering, that a book, to which it should be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

No.

No. LXXXIX. Tuesday, September 11. 1753.

*Præcipua tamen ejus in commovenda miseratione virtus,
ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis au-
toribus præferant.*

QUINTILIAN.

His great excellence was in moving compassion, with respect to which many give him the first place of all the writers of that kind.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by superstition, ignorance and Gothicism; but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is

cmad2

emancipated from traditionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the Goddess Health: and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel "in a smooth volubility, and flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a course of even and uninterrupted harmony."

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which, scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danaë, being by her merciless father inclosed in a chest and thrown into the sea with her child, the poet proceeds thus far to relate her distress :

Ὅτι λαρνακὶ ἐν δαίδαλῳ ἀνῆμος
 Βεβηκὴ πνέων, κινήσῃσ' ἀ λινὰ
 Διματὶ ἱερπύν ᾗτ' ἀδιανταῖσι
 Παριαις, ἀμφὶ τὲ Περσὶ βαλλε
 Φίλῃν χερσὶ ἴσταν τε————— Ὡ τίμνη,
 Οἷοι ἔχω, πνέων. σὺ δ' αὖτε γαλαθῆναι
 Ἦτορ κινῶντις ἐν ἀνερπὶ δαματὶ,
 Καλχιόργαφον δὲ, νυκτιάλματι,
 Κωπῇ τε δνοφ. σὺ δ', ἀνάλαι·
 Ὅτι τριβὶ τιαν κομῶν βαθυῖαν
 Παριοντὶς κυματὸς ἐκ ἀλγῆς
 Οὐδ' ἀπὸς φθογγῇσ' παρῆναι
 Κιμῶντις ἐν χλαυδῇ, πρὸς αὐτὸν παλόν,
 Εἰ δὲ τοι δύνῃσ' το γὰρ δύνῃσ' ηἴ,
 Καὶ κεν ἱμῶν ῥηματῶν λυγρῶν
 Τριχῆς ἔας. Κιλαμαι, εὐδὲ βριφοί,
 Εὐδῖσιν δὲ ποῖρος, εὐδῖσιν ἀμῖρον κῆρυκα

When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat so violently on the chest as to threaten to overturn it, she threw her arm fondly around Perseus, and said, the tears trickling down her cheeks, “ O my son, “ what sorrows do I undergo ! but thou art wrapt in “ a deep slumber ; thou sleepest soundly like a suckling “ child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and “ dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the “ moon ! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou regard-

“ *est*

"est not the waves that dash around thee, nor the
 "whistling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe!
 "If thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldst
 "bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on,
 "I beseech thee, O my child! Sleep with him, O ye
 "billows! and sleep likewise my distress!"

Those who would, form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, should attentively consider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reason to believe, is not so extensively known, or so warmly admired, as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great prince taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family, adds the following particular.

*His conatibus occupata, ocellos
 Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes.
 Convertit, puerum sopore victum
 Quæ nutrix placido finit fovēbat:
 "Dormis," inquit, "O miselle, nec te
 "Vultus exanimis, silentiumque
 "Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo.
 "Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore i.
 "Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
 "Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
 "Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
 "Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
 "Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
 "Risus, in reseis tuis labellis.—
 "Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores
 "Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis*

"Rampant.

*" Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales
 " Redibunt oculis meis sopores !"*

The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant and the agony of the mother ; her observing that the child is unmoved with what was most likely to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court ; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to speak ; are such delicate master-strokes of nature and parental tenderness as shew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that are best calculated to move it. The affectionate wish of " dormi, " parvule" is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides ; but the sudden exclamation that follows, —" when, O when shall I sleep like this infant !" is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the most artful and the most striking use of the slumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison, the restlessness of the mother's sorrow ; it is the finest and strongest way of saying, " my grief " will never cease," that has ever been used. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem, are united the pathetic of Euripides, and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated ; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have pro-

posed

posed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as "tenellula and columbula;" but there is a purity and severity of stile, a temperate and austere manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his cotemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem, which has produced these reflections. Whenever, therefore, we sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves in the words of Longinus a little altered; "How would Homer or Plato, Demosthenes or Thucydides, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?" This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footsteps; this would be making the same glorious use of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his *Phædra* and *Iphigenia*, and that Milton has done of the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus* in the character of *Satan*.

If you should happen not to lay aside this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of *Menander*.

Z.

I am,

Mr. Adventurer,

Yours.

PALÆOPHILUS.

No.

No. XC. Saturday, September 15. 1753.

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum, atque aurâi simplicis ignem.*

VIRGIL.

———By length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime ;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure æther of the soul remains.

DAYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

Nothing sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts ; and where, instead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure ethereal essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dispensed, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice,
the

the being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose: "By command of Apollo and
" the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions
" to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice
" upon the altar in this temple, those parts of their
" works, which have hitherto been preserved to their
" infamy, that their names may descend spotless and
" un sullied to posterity. For this purpose Aristotle
" and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are
" to see that no improper oblations are made, and no
" proper ones concealed; and for the more easy performance of this office, they are allowed to choose
" as their assistants whomsoever they shall think worthy
" of the function."

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a group of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanor was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his *Odyssæ*, which have been censured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was
pre-

preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that "they were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer."

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and to the surprise of all committed his whole *Æneid* to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third *Georgic* :

———*Tentanda via est ; qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora,
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.*

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, shrunk into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

I marked

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that incumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, "and," as Addison says of Virgil in his *Georgics*, "tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness:" he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large packet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription, "To Poverty."

Shakespeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked "The Taste of the Age," a small parcel of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenious air with which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, The Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, "that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure: but that he was wholly innocent of their original." The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing, that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakespeare were like those of Homer, "whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to shew to what a height it was sometimes carried." Aristotle concurred in this opinion, and added, "that although
" Shake-

“Shakespeare was quite ignorant of that exact economy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.”

Milton gave up a few errors in his *Paradise Lost*, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Durfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and several other Dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprised to see an author with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached, I discovered him to be Sir John Vanburgh, and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be “His skill in Architecture.”

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty repeating this couplet :

“Curst be the verse, how well soe’er it flow,
“That tends to make one worthy man thy foe.”

The ingenious critic insisted on his taking them again: “for,” said he, “my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be consumed. The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works,
5 “amply

“ amply compensate for this slight indignity. And
“ be assured, that no little pique or misunderstanding
“ shall ever make me a foe to genius.” Pope bowed
in some confusion, and promised to substitute a fictitious
name at least, which was all that was left in his power.
He then retired, after having made a sacrifice of a
little packet of Antitheses, and some parts of his
translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was charmed
with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which
all the priests discharged their different functions. They
behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those
ages, when the offices of king and priest centered in
the same person. Whenever any of the assistants were
at a loss in any particular circumstances, they applied
to Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an in-
stant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene pro-
duced, were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise
at the gate of the temple; when suddenly a rude il-
literate multitude rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan,
Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whose coun-
tenances were impressed with rage which art could not
conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidst the
joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large
volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and
joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonish-
ment; the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the
fire, and, as the flames played innocently about it,
I could discover, written in letters of gold, the words,
THE BIBLE. At that instant my ears were ravish-
ed with the sound of more than mortal music accom-
panying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I
well remember the following verses:

“ The words of the Lord are pure words : even as
“ the silver, which in the earth is tried, and purified
“ seven times in the fire.

“ More to be desired are they than gold ; yea, than
“ much fine gold : sweeter also than honey, and the
“ honey-comb.”

The united melody of instruments and voices, which
formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says,
“ it might create a soul under the ribs of death,”
threw me into such ecstasies, that I was awakened by
their violence.

&c.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CAITO.

No.

No. XCI. Tuesday, September 18. 1753-

— *Facto pius et sceleratus eodem.*

OVID.

Thus was the father pious to a crime.

ADDISON.

It is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves, or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry;

those, by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalised one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they may be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been withheld or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened, that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira, the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son; and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people, than of Tamira; and therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public, with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: "From thee," said he, "I
" have

“ have derived my being; and the life which I have
“ propagated is thine: when I am about to restore it,
“ let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it
“ by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a
“ ransom for my people. ”

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day; and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure without much surprise; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment, and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had, like hers, overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand; and, with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness, told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life

was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man who was to accomplish the purpose, both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. "The gods," said he, "though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing, in competition with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition." Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death; and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented, in unutterable distress, of a crime, by which the pleasures, not only of possession, but hope, were precluded: her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which, as a princess only, she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented. Their ashes were scattered to the winds; and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If, by these events, it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter,—and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato,—it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin, which would have produced such sacrifice, was morally right, and that of the prince, which prevented it, was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly; for abstractedly, it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that Revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion; and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part, than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden. But to this question the answer is easy.

The end which Conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means. The end which Yamodin proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not, nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the

the end which Conscience condemns, is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince, was private gain by public loss. By Conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end, though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error: it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others: it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, "we are led into all truth;" Conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and Repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry: let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding, rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover, why its radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble, to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen, who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of Conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, "who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;" who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from above; who, though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they
might

ught be white as snow; and, though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

No. XCII. Saturday, September 22. 1753.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HOR.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,
Like the firm judge inexorably just.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the papers of criticism which you have given to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candor, and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness; a just distribution of praise amongst the ancients and the moderns; a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

I shall, therefore, venture to lay before you such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's Pastorals, without any inquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules or common opinions.

If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view, it will be found, that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose: that it has long subsisted in the east, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion, and sometimes the entertainment, of the first generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity; and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him: and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the Wood-Nymphs had bestowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard. He has written with greater splendor of diction, and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less: and, perhaps, where he exceeds Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviating from the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil; of whom Horace justly declares, that the Rural Muses
have

have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness; and who, as he copied Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been universally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent. There is, indeed, in all his pastorals, a strain of versification, which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but, if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable, either wholly or in part, to considerable objections.

The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or one passage that strikes the imagination, or awakens the passions.

The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel, of which some particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but, surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence; and, instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved, could they have been both defeated.

The Poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images, at once splendid and pleasing; and is elevated with grandeur of language, worthy of the first of Roman poets: but I am not able to reason.

cile myself to the disproportion between the performance and the occasion that produced it: that the golden age should return, because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written, for some other purpose, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model of pastoral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find, that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, easily invented; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiments and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful: but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious; nor has any sufficient reason yet been found, to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

The seventh exhibits another contest of the tuneful shepherds: and, surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive power, that, of ten pastorals, Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority; and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

Of

Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a translator.

Of the ninth, it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency; it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed from fragments of other poems; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

The first and the tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as disappointed love naturally produces; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconstant. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself a-while with the pity that shall be paid him after his death:

———*Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

———Yet, O Arcadian swains,
Ye best artificers of soothing strains!
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks my
woes,
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose.
O that your birth and business had been mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading vine!

WARTON.

Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he wishes himself one of the shepherds. * He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media, atque adversos detinet hostes.
Tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ab dura, nives, & frigore Rhæni
Me sine sola vides. Ab te ne frigora lædant!
Ab tibi ne teneras glacies facies aspera plantas!*

Here cooling fountains roll through flow'ry meads;
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.
Instead of that, me frantic love detains
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains;
While you—and can my soul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive! }
Seek the rough Alps where snows eternal shine,
And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.
Ah! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid;
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!

WARTON.

He then turns his thoughts on every side, in quest of something that may solace or amuse him: he proposes

pases happiness to himself, first in one scene and then in another; and at last finds that nothing will satisfy :

*Jam neque Hamadryades rursùm, nec carmina nobis
Ipsa ptacent : ipse rursùm concedite sylvæ.
Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores ;
Nec si frigoris mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Scithoniaeque nives hyemis subeamus aqueæ :
Nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum versemus oves sub fidere Cancri,
Omnia vincit amor ; et nos cedamus amori.*

But now again no more the woodland maids,
Nor pastoral songs delight—Farewell, ye shades—
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' lost in frozen deserts we should range ;
Tho' we should drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian snows ;
Or on hot India's plains our flock should feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his sickening head ;
Beneath fierce glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams.
Love over all maintains resistless sway,
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithstanding the excellence of the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the first, which is equally natural and more diversified. The complaint of the shepherd, who saw his old companion at ease in the shade, while himself was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is such as, with
variation.

variation of circumstances, misery always utters at the sight of prosperity :

*Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva ;
Nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd
plains ;

We from our country fly, unhappy swains !

You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leisure laid,

Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey, gives a very tender image of pastoral distress :

————— *En ipse capellus*
*Protenus æger ago ; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco :
Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ab ! filice in nuda connixa reliquit.*

And lo ! sad part'ner of the general care,

Weary and faint I drive my goats afar !

While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,

Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains ;

For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we past,

On the bare flints her hapless twin she cast,

The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold !

WARTON.

The description of Virgil's happiness in his little farm, combines almost all the images of rural pleasure ;
and

and he, therefore that can read it with indifference, has no sense of pastoral poetry :

*Fortunate senex, argo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna satis ; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limosoque palus obducat pascua juncto,
Non insueta gravis tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate senex, his inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum,
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.
Hinc altâ sub rupe canet frondator ad auras ;
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

Happy old man ! then still thy farms restor'd,
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.
What tho' rough stones the naked soil o'erspread,
Or marshy bulrush rear its wat'ry head,
No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,
No touch contagious spread its influence here.
Happy old man ! here 'mid th' accustom'd streams
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching
beams ;

While from yon willow-fence thy pasture's bound,
The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,
Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose :
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard ;
Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,

Mean

Mean while shall cease to breathe her melting
strain,
Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to 'plain.

WARREN

It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened; and may, therefore, be of use to prove; that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth.

T.

I am, SIR

Your humble servant,

DUBOIS.

No.

No. XCIII. Tuesday, September 25. 1753.

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut Magus ; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

HOR.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art ;
With pity, and with terror tear my heart ;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil or Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakspeare, will not be deemed

deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakespeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity : and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid ; so his characteristical excellencies may possibly be reduced to these three general heads : " his lively creative imagination ; his strokes of nature and passion ; and his " preservation of the consistency of his characters." These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order ; but to portray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers Homer and Shakespeare.

Of all the plays of Shakespeare, the *Tempest* is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island ; and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived : a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude

solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakespeare's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him :

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :

which intimate that the tempest described in the preceding scene, was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The officers of his attendant Spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety : his employment is said to be,

——To tread the ooze
Of the salt deep :
To run upon the sharp wind of the north ;
To do—business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost ;
——to dive into the fire ; to ride
On the curl'd clouds.

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation

tion by the following circumstance, which awfully glances at another of his services ;

—In the deep nook, where once
Thou call’st me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vest Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, whose part time is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew ;” by whose assistance Prospero has bedimm’d the sun at noon-tide,

And ’twixt the green sea and the azur’d vault,
Set roaring war ;

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office ; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all Paradisaical. How delightfully and how suitably to his character, are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being pointed out in the following exquisite song !

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip’s bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly,
After sun set merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellencies, has, doubtless, conceived

ceived and carried on the machinery in his "Rape of the Lock," with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, customs, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo, if they neglected their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakespeare's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempest, when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

—She did confine thee
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years : within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy
groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up : urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'st or do'st unwillingly
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps ;
 Fill all thy bones with aches : make thee roar,
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 Forfakes his post or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain ;
 Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r,
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r :
 Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling wheel ;
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !

POPE.

The method which is taken to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempest, is exceedingly solemn and striking. He is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping over against the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment, ærial music creep by him upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information, in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter :

Full

Full fathom five thy father lies :
 Of his bones are coral made :
 Those are pearls that were his eyes :
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change,
 Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance ;

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark ! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell !

This is so truly poetical, than one can scarce forbear
 exclaiming with Ferdinand,

There is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owns !—

The happy versatility of Shakespeare's genius, enables
 him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poetry.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of
 this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it,
 that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort
 of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled
 his orders, and punished his brother and companions
 so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their
 sufferings, he would greatly compassionate them. To
 which Prospero answers,

—Dost thou think so, Spirit ?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prospero. And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness :

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions ; and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero : we are transported into fairy land ; we are wrapt in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed ; all around is enchantment !

———The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt
not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again : and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me :—when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again !

Z.

No.

No. XCIV. Saturday, September 29. 1753.

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare.

JUV.

—What I shew,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.

DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have somewhat discouraged the hope of idleness, by shewing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages, and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize ; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if

H 2

by

by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity ; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot ; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success : for this reason, it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed : he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours, that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits and circumstances : but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessities or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace ; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation : for by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week ; and if the dread which exaggerates
future

future evil is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamesters. But by gamesters I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic: I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce; and swaggerers, who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

The gamester of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of suspense, succeed those of disappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him, who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subside him in idleness the remainder of his life: and in this case,

the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed : he will find, that, in the gratification of his appetites, he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment which they were intended to supply ; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence, which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy : if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich ; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value ; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gamester, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds ; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but

but of public evil ; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase ; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance : but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer : to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free : instead of telling his story and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-side, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune ; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered

hastily, and inquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curst him for deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularly in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment, he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine clothes; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but

but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

CAUTUS.

No. XCV. Tuesday, October 2. 1753.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

OVID.

And with sweet novelty your soul detain.

It is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or at best exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

H. S.

The

The allegation of resemblance between authors, is indisputably true ; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation ; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties ; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness, as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder, that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration ; or that authors, delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions : yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject ; for there will always be some reason why one should on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another ; some will be clear where others are obscure ; some will please by their style and others by their method ; some by their embellishments and others by their simplicity ; some by closeness and others by diffusion.

The

The same indulgence is to be shewn to the writers of morality : right and wrong are immutable ; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them, if they all teach us right, must agree with one another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them, must be the same at all times and in all nations : some petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs ; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers : men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them ; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion ; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expose it to neglect ; the author, therefore, who has judgment to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer : he may familiarise his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments ; he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gaiety ; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples ; he may detain the studious by the artful concan-

tenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures, and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect; and makes his personages act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions, in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may amuse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long continued hatred, will, without any assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations.

meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to observe the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries by supplanting the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England; and idleness itself;

how

how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund; from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions: and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the shew, while we are busied in delineating it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeed, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former; thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all the topics are pre-occupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance.

ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations.

T.

No. XCVI. Saturday, October 6, 1753.

———*Fortunatos nimium, sua se bona norint.*

VIRG.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state!

DAYDEN.

In proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only imbitter disappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

AN

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him; as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand, "Sir," said he, "I think it scarce less "misfortunate to myself than you, that you was not "five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I with more "than any other to oblige; but I have just presented "the living to the person whom you saw take his leave "when you entered the room."

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to alude, nor force to resist. The strength of his interest, though it was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment: over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish; he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? nothing that he possessed was diminished, nor was any possibility of advantage cut off: with respect to these and every other reality,
he

he was in the same state, as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had some chance to fill: but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination, and in a fit of causeless fretfulness cast away peace, because time was not stopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sun-shine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper, that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune; and was so affected by a retrospect on his danger, that he could scarce believe it to be past. "How providential," said he, "was it, that I did not stay to drink another dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way!" What an alteration was produced in Agenor's conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at last he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquisition was not increased; nor had providence interposed farther than to
exclude.

exclude chance from the government of the world, But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearisomeness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is said to be complete; his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful, and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gayly dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon my having refused it, looked wistfully at his finger ends, crossed his legs, inquired the news of the day, and in the midst of all possible advantages seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which, if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Curio another visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of disease; and inquired
with

with an honest solicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an ecstasy, that he was in heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my last visit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach; and had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he, who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety?

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of unerring wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances, that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of the divine bounty necessarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man surely would blush to admit these suppositions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life, he, who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency.

placency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness: and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which, "the spirits of the just shall be made perfect."

No. XCVII. Tuesday, October 9. 1753.

Ἄρα δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἥθελαι νόμοις καὶ ἐν τοῖς πραγμάτων συνέταξι,
ἐν ᾧ τινι, ἢ ἐν ἀνθρώποις, ἢ ἐν τοῖς σκῶτι.

ARIST. POET.

As well in the conduct of the manners, as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.

"WHOEVER ventures," says Horace, "to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency; but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard." In this arduous and uncommon task, however, Shakspeare has wonderfully succeeded

succeeded in his Tempest: the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination; in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon. The forceries of his mother were so terrible, that her counttymen banished her into this desert island; as unfit for human society. In conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony, and lust. He is introduced with great propriety, cursing Prospero and Miranda, whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother:

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd,
With raven's feather, from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! —————

————— All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is afterwards expressed as much in character, as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage:

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts,
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-nails from the rock —————
I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use, in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, because the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was subjected by Prospero, who, therefore, deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgment: he knew not the names of the sun and moon, which he calls the bigger light and the less; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shewn him: and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of malevolence and rage:

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse:——

the properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prick at my foot-fall: sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness.

It is scarcely possible for any speech to be more expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and
unfeeling

unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to surprise and kill his master :

———There thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books ; or with a log
Batter his skull ; or paunch him with a stake ;
Or cut his wezand with thy knife.———

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt, " above all, be sure to secure the daughter ; whose beauty, he tells them, is incomparable." The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakespeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character ; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence ; which is at once highly poetical, and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker :

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot-fall.———

I always lament, that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban to the end of the play ; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth words that imply repentance and understanding :

———I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God,
And worship this dull fool ?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakespeare has artfully taken occasion, from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. "Were I in England now," says Trinculo, on first discovering Caliban, "and had but this fish painted, not an holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

———What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining, that, as he was so beautiful, he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial agents, is a stroke of nature worthy admiration: as are likewise her intreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art:

Why speaks my father so ungently? This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first

That e'er I sigh'd for! ———

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion, which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion

occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. "Would," says she, "the lightning had burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!"

———If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I'll carry't to the pile.———
———You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little, and almost imperceptible, circumstances, that Shakespeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero, for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother,—his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom,—and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician,—are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity, and decorum.—One part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out. During the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban, and his confederates, against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited,

he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things:

———These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits; and
 Are melted into air, into thin air:
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a wreck behind.——

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides:

———We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on; and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep!——

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poesy, preserved throughout the tempest. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almost constantly violated by Shakespeare, exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom: this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero; though, indeed, it had been more artful and regular, to have confined it to this single spot: and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation: an excellence, which ought always to be

be aimed at in every well-conducted fable; and for the want of which, a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.

Z.

No. XCVIII. Saturday, October 13. 1753.

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.*

JUV.

Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief; dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment, deserves.

DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is, I think, allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit; who could conquer the world, if he was to set about it; but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country, I am always on horse-back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way: when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vauxhall or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for, though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week, nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and do all the mischief, I can; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic, you know, to shew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil, to shew my courage; and talk bawdy, to shew my wit. Under the rose, I am a cursed favourite amongst them; and have had "bonne fortune," let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly: but, faith, I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One, indeed, I lost; and, poor fond soul! I pitied her! but it could not be helped—self-preservation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

There is one thing vexes me; I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me; so that I am obliged in my own defence, to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night-house: I
pick

pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps, bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and storm night-cellars : I beat the watchmen, though he bids me good-morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice : for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned ; but Tim is no flincher ; and if he does not get fame, blood ! he will deserve it.

I am writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood ; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove : and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy !

I'll tell thee what ; I was a hellish ass t'other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion ; who could help it, you know ? Rot me ! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation. She was a sweet creature ! I would have run her five-and-twenty miles within an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she's gone !—Poor jade ! I did love thee, that I did.

Now, what you shall do for me, old boy, is this. Help to raise my name a little, d'ye mind : write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I

assure you, we take a grate deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear ; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business ; for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnable out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as evenly as possible ; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and reap with an heroic air.

“ I'll boldly venture on the world unknown ;

“ It cannot use me worse than this has done.”

I'll then shoot myself through the head ; and so good by'tye.

Your's, as you serve me,

TIM. WILDBOOSH.

I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I should cavil at his principles or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of “the dull dogs who write books,” the gratification of appetite is virtue ; and appetite, therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill, in no other sense, than stature or complexion ; and that
the

the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason, and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his "thirst of glory," I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others, without procuring any real good to himself: but he has not done mischief enough; he has not sacked a city, or fired a temple; he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost among a crowd of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislature has, indeed, thought fit to interpose; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial appellation, but on earth it is called Justice Hall in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible, that when this is done, they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of ancient history and modern panegyric, I find, that no action has

ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men : this, indeed, is one of the feats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall : it has also removed an absurd distinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may be fairly considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent, with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy and imprisonment ; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the woman was not wholly passive, but that in some sense, she may be considered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil ; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away ; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose, that after his remains shall have been rescued from dust and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeon's Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue : that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero, of which it is at once the remains and the monument, written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpose : I propose that this gallery be called the Blood's Gallery ; and, to prevent the labour
and

and expence of emblazoning the atchievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect : " This gallery is sacred to the memory and the remains of the Bloods ; heroes who lived in perpetual hostility against themselves and others ; who contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated mischief, not in anger, but sport ; who purchased this distinction at the expence of life ; and whose glory would have been equal to Alexander's, if their power had not been less."

No. XCIX. Tuesday, October 16. 1753.

—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

OVID.

But in the glorious enterprize he died.

ADDISON.

It has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different

success, produce different judgments : they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue ; and they that miscarry, are quickly discovered to have been defective, not only in mental, but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy : their real faults are immediately detected ; and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded : he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to have infected speculation : so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, " that he who can deserve the name of a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate."

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than Projectors, whose rapidity of imagination, and vastness of design, raise such envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses : yet even a Projector may gain favour by success ; and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excel others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the protection of the household gods ; but when they saw that the Project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, " that he always thought there was more in him than he could think."

Machiavel

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors of Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same Project, and intended to raise themselves to power by subverting the commonwealth: they pursued their design, perhaps with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Cataline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharfalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries:

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned with contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a Projector; who invading Asia with a small army, went forward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger, gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries, was the ho-

ly war; which undoubtedly was a noble Project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at last gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions therefore, have been the scoff of idleness and ignorance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged king Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere, the sailors, with whom he embarked in the expedition, had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea looking for coasts they never expected to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to sooth them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain Projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expences, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence; how would those that had rejected his proposals, have triumphed in their acuteness? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass?

The last royal Projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs, by his measures and inquiries, had
purpose d

purposed first to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless deserts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the whole circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty Project was crushed at Pultowa; and Charles has since been considered as a madman, by those powers who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals “to learn under him the art of war.”

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigues, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to viudicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, wasted nations and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal. I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation.

But there is another species of Projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind: whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving

triving new works of art ; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that success which their industry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider that the folly of Projection is very seldom the folly of a fool ; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought ; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the confidence of those, who have already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had completed the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion ; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chemistry, he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation.

A Projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatness of design : it was said of Catiline, "*immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*" Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals ; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man : when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry, we may reasonably expect : yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those
parts

parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a Project, and amongst narrow minds may, therefore, expose its author to censure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every Project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a Project. Men unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at Projectors, would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the scheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemistry are supposed to have risen from unsuccessful inquiries after the grand elixir: it is, therefore, just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the world even by their miscarriages.

T.

No.

No. C. Saturday, October 20, 1753.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus. —

JUV.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.

TATE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

S I R,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names, as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when

2

he

he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms of Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated ; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees ; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire, and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me an apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous ; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

Green

Green, then, I continued even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision: but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of clothes of an eminent city tailor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob periwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it had been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a *Jemmy*.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule; but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed.

structed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts, and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb over the foretop of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue: I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the divill. Now I advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, god curse it, and demme: but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects; and, therefore, applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself.

self. My labour, however was not without its reward ; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jeffamy.

I now learned among other Grown Gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance ; I entered into a subscription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner : at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing ; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time ; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in clothes, though I was obliged to go into mourning : I employed a court tailor to make them up ; I exchanged my queue for a bag ; I put on a sword, which in appearance at least, was a Toledo, and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour : I was attended, flattered, and caressed ; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair ; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching ; and in these, at whatever risk, I applied myself to the bottle : a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I
had

had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toasting and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions : I enlarged my stock of healths ; made great progress in singing, joking, and story telling ; swore well ; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk ; always collecting the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak ; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner ; I professed myself a foe to starters and milkops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence ; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax ; and was acknowledged by all who knew me to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became miscellaneous ;

chievous ; and was continually devising and executing Frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages : but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose ; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth ; my creditors were importunate ; I became negligent of myself and of others ; I made a desperate effort at the gaming table, and lost the last sum that I could raise ; my estate was seized by the mortgagee ; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die ; became a bully to whores ; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house ; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual : some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state ; others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamies at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded
either

ther by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, our brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which last he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a Reasonable Being, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrives.

I am your humble servant,

Common side, King's Bench,

Oct. 13. 1753.

NOMENTANUS.

No.

No. CI. Tuesday, October 23. 1753.

Est ubi peccat.

HOR.

Yet sometimes he mistakes.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks; and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The description of Eden in the fourth book of the Paradise Lost, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination; but it requires much
greater

greater strength of mind to form an assemblage of natural objects, and to range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity ; as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he, who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tassellated pavements, can only make absurdity splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

“ Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient Pearl,
“ run Nectar, roses without thorns, trees that bear
“ Vegetable Gold, and that weep odorous gums and
“ balms,” are easily imagined ; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those, who, when they read, exercise no faculty but fancy, and admire because they do not think.

If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit in Comus thus pays his address of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina :

May thy brimmed waves for this,
Their full tribute never miss,
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills :
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten chrystal fill with mud :

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess: the circumstance of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant: but what follows, though it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far fetched;

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terras round;
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied; but what idea can the reader have of an English river rolling Gold and the Beryl ashore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are all simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural:

For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy stream to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp and spoil the fry.

The

The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

Against his battle of the angels, I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the prowess and behaviour of Michael, as much resemble the feats of Ariosto's Knight, as his two handed sword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible in the first appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the passage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the mission of Raphael to Adam; the conversations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man exhibited in a vision to Adam.

In this vision, Milton judiciously represents Adam, as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother; but during his conversation with Raphael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the Angel meant by "cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by standards, and gonfalons, and

“ glittering tiffues, by the girding fword, by embat-
 “ tled squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery
 “ steeds?” And although Adam poffeffed a fuperior
 degree of knowledge, yet doubtlefs he had not fkill
 enough in chemiftry to underftand Raphael, who in-
 formed him, that

—————Sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and wjth fubtle art,
 Concocted and Adufted, they reduc’d
 To blackeft grain, and into ftore convey’d.

And, furely, the nature of cannon was not much ex-
 plained to Adam, who neither knew, or wanted the
 ufe of iron tools, by telling him, that they refembled
 the hollow bodies of oak or fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell’d.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its paf-
 times and fports, muft have greatly wondered, when
 the Angel expreffed the flight of the Satanic hoft, by
 faying, that they fled

—————As a herd
 Of goats, or Timorous flock, together throng’d.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem,
 there appears to be alfo fome defects. As the ferpent
 was the inftrument of the temptation, Milton minute-
 ly describes its beauty and allurements : and I have
 frequently wondered, that he did not, for the fame rea-
 fon, give a more elaborate description of the tree of
 life ;

life ; especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations, afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a striking picture : “ In the midst of the street of it, and “ of either side of the river, was there the tree of life ; “ which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her “ fruit every month ; and the leaves of the tree were “ for the healing of the nations.”

At the end of the fourth book, suspense and attention are excited to the utmost ; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curiosity is impatient for the action and the catastrophe ; but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curiosity disappointed, by an expedient, which, though applauded by Addison and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial, by all who judge from their own sensations, and are not content to echo the decisions of others. The golden balances are held forth, “ which,” says the poet, “ are yet seen between Aстреa and the “ Scorpion ;” Satan looks up, and perceiving that his scale mounted aloft, departs with the shades of night. To make such a use, at so critical a time, of Libra, a mere imaginary sign of the Zodiac, is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the Paradise Lost, I think the most transcendent is the speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book : in which his unextinguishable pride, and fierce indignation against God, and his envy towards Man, are so blended with an involuntary approbation of goodness, and disdain of the meanness and baseness of his present undertaking, as to

render it on account of the propriety of its sentiments and its turns of passion, the most natural, most spirited, and truly dramatic speech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer, whether ancient or modern : and yet Mr. Addison has passed it over, unpraised and unnoticed.

If any apology should be deemed necessary for the freedom here used with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus : "Whoever was
" carefully to collect the blemishes of Homer, Demof-
" thenes, Plato, and of other celebrated writers of the
" same rank, would find they bore not the least pro-
" portion to the sublimities and excellencies with
" which their works abound."

Z.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PALÆOPHILUS.

No.

No. CII. Saturday, October 27. 1753.

— *Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat votique peracti?*

JUV.

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our wish, we wish undone.

DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business

K 4

with

with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me ; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large warehouses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds ; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants ; became the oracle of the common council ; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings ; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time, one of the directors of a wealthy company ; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of fining for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches : when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear ; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure ; nor entertain

certain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money ; and though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me ; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire ; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations ; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects ; I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the shew. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied ; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another ? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted ; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design ; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works ; and what now remained to be done ! what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raised I had no farther use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended : the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to " tell him," with the fallen angel, " how I hate his beams." I wake from sleep as to langour or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when

it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup; but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged; the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets; filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divert myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chase, did not always regard my

choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation;

versation ; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country ; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass ; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous ; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some fly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation ; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle : the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquility.

T.

I am,

Yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

No. CIII. Tuesday, October 30. 1753.

————— *Quid enim ratione timemus,*
Aut cupimus? ————— JUV.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!

DRYDEN.

In those remote times when by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and She-limah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina, had presided; and in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince."

When

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aerial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, "that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content
that

that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that "to the taste of" Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her, should "in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that "in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast." To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roc. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was
perhaps

perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury; but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell: of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the fairy, "that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the custom of the

the nobles to present their daughters to the King, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to prevent with solicitude and terror. The period urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation: he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the Fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived, with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished: this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the King.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had reigned ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without

out having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To-morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, inquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

No. CIV. Saturday, November 3. 1753.

Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica viæ. Juv.

But only virtue shews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed: but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the
in.

licity of her situation, and the dreadful events of morrow till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the fits which the beauty of Almerine had produced in his mind, rose at the dawn of day; and sending her principal attendant, who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly inquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left

Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and debility, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from her intelligence; and that she might meet him at the altar of marriage with the cheerful vivacity which a cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered, that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked, parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she lifted the vial; and, in a few moments, she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder

was

was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected. Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake. An antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event, in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and, in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy: her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn, to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the prefaces of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and, in the agony of remorse and terror, earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased; while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and, in this interval of recollection, he soon discovered, that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin, for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation: but as some punishment was necessary, as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded, that Almerine should be

sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone, by a second marriage, for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood: and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whose judgment
"has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by
"the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity upon
"his throne, that, when this event is recorded, the
"world may know, that by Vice beauty became yet
"more odious than ugliness,—and learn, like Soliman
"to despise that excellence, which, without Virtue,
"is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor,
"and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened, that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness, died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found; and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket, and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but
her

her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family, she was the jest of some, and the pity of others. She was employed in the meanest offices; and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But, amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest: as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment: her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years; when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade. She listened to the proclamation with great attention; and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted; and, with great ceremony, intreated her to enter a chariot, which was in the retinue; telling her, that she was, without doubt, the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; "but," said she, "if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before

was

was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful: a white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and, finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds; who, having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt, whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the foot-stool of the throne, "Let the king," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous; and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her coun-

tenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

“ Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who
“ still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded
“ beauty, and perverted sense. Remember Almerine;
“ and let her example and thy own experience teach
“ thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and
“ honour, are not essential to human felicity; with-
“ these she was wretched, and without them thou wast
“ happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestow-
“ ed; must now be obtained by an effort of thy
“ own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food,
“ is Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a
“ peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of
“ humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is
“ prevented, by the resignation of Piety to the will of
“ Heaven; advantages which are in the power of
“ every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribu-
“ tion of good and evil, and imputes to Nature the
“ effects of his own folly.”

The King, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the Fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them, distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which

were

were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitude whom they governed.

No. CV. Tuesday, November 6. 1753.

Novam comicam Menandrus, æqualesque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philemon ac Diphilus, et invenero intra paucissimos annos, neque imitandam reliquere.

VELL. PATERCUL.

Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who must be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compass of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MORALITY, taste and literature, scarcely ever suffered more irreparably, than by the loss of the comedies of

L 2

Men-

Menander ; some of those fragments, agreeable to my promise, I am now going to lay before you, which I should imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Appelles left imperfect and unfinished.

Menander was celebrated for the sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness of his stile. "He was fond of Euripides," says Quintilian, "and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorical excellence : ita omnem vitæ imaginem exprefsit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, et eloquendi facultas ; ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus, accomodatus : so various and so just are all his pictures of life ; so copious is his invention, so masterly his elocution ; so wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of subjects, persons, and passions." This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expressive strokes, as Menander had characterised the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth satire, has not presented the misery and folly of man, so forcibly or humourously as Menander.

Ἄσταντα τὰ ζῶντι μακαριώτερα,
 Καὶ τοὺς ἔχοντα πολλοὺς ἀνθρώπων πόλιν
 Τοὶ σοὶ ὅταν ἔξῃσι πρῶτα τυττοῖ,
 Οὗτοι κακοδαίμονες εἰσι καὶ ὁμολογῶ μενοῖ.
 Τυττα κακοὶ δὲ αὐτοῖσι ἔτι γίγνεται,
 Ἀ δὲ φύσις δίδωκεν αὐτὰ ταῦτα ἔχει.
 Ἡμεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκάσιον κακοῖ,
 Αὐτοὶ παρὰ αὐτῶν ἰστέρα προσπορίζομεν.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐμὲ, ἂν ᾤκηται τῇ ἀνὴρ ἰσπὴ κακοῖ,

Ὀργάνου.

Ὀργισμέθ'· αἰ ἰὼ τίς ἑνὸς σφιδᾶ
 Φεβυμέθ'· ἀνγλὰν ἀτακτομένη δόδοικαμ'
 Ἀγασίαι, δόξαι, φιλοτιμίαι, νομοί,
 Ἀπαντα ταῦτ' ἰπὸντα τῷ φουσι κακά.

"All animals are more happy, and have more understanding than man. Look, for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable: his evils, however, are not brought on him by himself and his own fault: he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy, if any person happen to sneeze; we are angry, if any speak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an unlucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourselves have superadded to nature." Comparisons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human species, have been frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as it probably was the first, so it is the best I have ever seen.

If this passage is admirable for the vivacity and severity of its satire, the following certainly deserves deeper attention for weight of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral:

Εἰ τις δι' ὕστερον προσφίξον, ὦ Παμφίλι,
 Ταυρῶν τι πλῆθος ἢ ἐρεφῶν, ἢ, ἢ Δία,
 Ἐτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ κατὰ σκευδασμάτων
 Χρυσᾶς πωήσας, χαλκίμυδος ἢ τοι πᾶρφυρᾶς,
 ἢ δι' ἐλεφαντος, ἢ σμαρκοῦ δὲ ζώδια,
 Εὐτεν νομίζῃ τον Θίον καλίσταται,
 Πλάττωτ' ἡλίους, καὶ φρενᾶς κυφᾶς ἰχθί.

Δι.

Δι' ἧς εἴς ἀνδρα χρησίμοι πισφονται,
 Μη παρὲνός φθιόντα, ἢ μαιχόμενον,
 Κλισίοντα, καὶ σφαττόντα χρημάτων χάριθ.
 Ἐνδὲ β. λ. οὐκ ἐν αὐτῷ ἐπιδοκῆς Πάμφιλος,
 "Ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει τι πλῆθειον παρῶν."

" He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden vestments, or purple garments, or figures of ivory, or precious gems ; and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of God, is grossly mistaken, and has no solid understanding. For he that would sacrifice with success, ought to be chaste and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or murderer for the sake of lucre. Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's needle ; for God, who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions."

Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the Omniscience of the DEITY ; at the same time, superstition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear God and Virtue mentioned in the theatre ; while an English and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fel-

fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman, a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the last-mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient sages, as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervour and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian System.

Ουτος πρατεις ες ανηρ, ο Γοργιάς,
 "Ος ης αδικησθαι πολλοτ' επιβηται βροτων.

"He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man, who best
 "knows among mortals how to bear injuries with
 "patience."

It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections, by the addition of a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ο μιν' Επιχαριος τυβι Θιως ιναι λειγει,
 Ατιμους υδωρ γην ηλιον, πυρ ασθρας·
 Εγω δ' υπελαβον χρησιμους ιναι Θιως
 Τ' αργυριον ημιν και το χρυσιον μονοι.
 Ίδρουσμενος τετυ, γαρ ες την οικιαν

ἔχει τι βάλει, πάντα αἰ γινώσκαι,
 Ἄγρος, οὐκ, Διμασποντι, ἀργυροματά,
 Φίλοι, δικάζω, μαρτυροίς——

"Epicarmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars, Gods. But I am of opinion, that gold and silver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For when once you have introduced these into your house, with for what you will, you shall quickly obtain it; an estate, a habitation, servants, plate, friends, judges, with necessities."

From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes. "Menander," says Plutarch, "abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken from the same sea, whence Venus herself arose. But the salt of Aristophanes is bitter, disgusting, and corrosive."

There are two circumstances that may justly give us a mean opinion of the taste of the Romans for comic entertainments: that in the Augustan age itself,

not

notwithstanding the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellencies of the drama, found himself obliged to violate the simplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two stories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, necessarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, Character and Humour.

Z.

I am, SIR.

Your humble Servant,

PALEOPHILUS.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

22

